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(Continued from page 106.)

Characters of Musical Instruments.

(Gleaned from Hæroon, Berlin.)

THE HAUTOBOY OR OBOE.

The hautboy is especially a melodical instrument: it has a pastoral character, full of tenderness—nay, I would even say of timidity. It is nevertheless always written for, in the *tutti* parts, without paying attention to the expression in its quality of tone, because there it is lost in the aggregate whole, and the peculiarity of this expression cannot be distinguished. It is the same thing—let it be at once understood—with all other wind instruments. The only exception is with those the sonorousness of which is excessive, or the quality of tone too marked in its originality. It is in fact impossible, without trampling under foot both Art and good sense, to employ such instruments as those as simple instruments of harmony. Among them may be ranked trombones, ophicleides, double bassoons, and, in many instances, trumpets and cornets. Candor, artless grace, soft joy, or the grief of a fragile being, suits the hautboy's accents; it expresses them admirably in its cantabile.

A certain degree of agitation is also within its powers of expression; but care should be taken not to urge it into utterances of passion—the rash outburst of anger, threat or heroism; for then its small, acid-sweet voice becomes ineffectual and absolutely grotesque. Some great masters—Mozart among others—have not escaped this error. In their scores passages are to be found, the impassioned meaning and martial accent of which contrast strangely with the sound of the hautboy that executes them; and thence result, not only effects missed, but startling disparities between stage and orchestra, melody and instrumentation. The theme of a march, however manly, grand or noble, loses its manliness, its grandeur, and its nobleness, if hautboys deliver it; it has a chance of preserving something of its character if given to flutes, and loses scarcely anything by being assigned to clarinets. Where—in order to give more weight and body to the harmony, and more

force to the group of wind instruments employed—hautboys are absolutely needful in a piece such as I have just described, they should be written in such a way that their quality of tone (not suited to this particular style) shall become completely covered by the other instruments, and blend with the mass so as no longer to be recognized. The lower sounds of the hautboys, ungraceful when displayed, may agree with certain wild and lamenting harmonies, united to the low notes of the clarinets, and to the low D, E, F and G of the flutes and corni inglesi.

Gluck and Beethoven understood marvellously well the use of this valuable instrument; to it they both owe the profound emotions excited by several of their finest pages. I have only to quote, from Gluck, the hautboy solo of Agamemnon's air in *Iphigenia in Aulide*: "Peuvent ils, &c." ("Can the harsh Fates.") These complaints of an innocent voice, these continued supplications ever more and more appealing—what instrument could they suit so well as a hautboy? And the celebrated burden of the air of *Iphigenia in Tauride*: "O malheureuse, Iphigénie." And again, that child-like cry of the orchestra, when Alceste, in the midst of her enthusiasm and heroic self-devotion, struck by the recollection of her young sons, abruptly interrupts the phrase of the theme: "Eh pourrai-je vivre sans toi," to respond to this touching instrumental appeal, with the heart-rending exclamation: "O mes enfans!" And then the discord of the minor second in Armida's air with the words: "Sauvez moi de l'amour," ("Save my weak heart from love"). All this is sublime, not only in dramatic thought, in the profound expression, in the grandeur and beauty of the melody; but also in the instrumentation, and the admirable choice made by the author of the hautboys from amidst the throng of other instruments, either inadequate or incapable of producing such impressions.

Beethoven has demanded more from the joyous accent of the hautboys. Witness the solo of the scherzo of the Pastoral Symphony; that of the scherzo of the Choral Symphony; that of the first movement of the Symphony in B flat, &c. But he has no less felicitously succeeded in assigning them sad or forlorn passages. This may be seen in the minor solo of the second return of the first movement of the Symphony in A, in the episodic and andante of the finale to the Eroica Symphony, and, above all, in the air of *Fidelio*, where Florestan, starving with hunger, believes himself, in his delirious agony, surrounded by his weeping family, and mingles his tears of anguish with the broken sobs of the hautboy.

THE CORNO INGLESE.

This instrument is, so to speak, the alto of the hautboy, with which it possesses equal compass. It is written on the G clef, like a hautboy in F below, and, consequently a fifth above its real sound.

What has just been said upon the difficulties of fingering for the hautboy, in certain encounters of sharpened or flattened notes, applies also to the corno inglese. Rapid passages upon it have a still worse effect; its quality of tone, less piercing, more veiled, and deeper than that of the hautboy, does not so well as the latter lend itself to the gayety of rustic strains. Nor could it give utterance to anguished complainings; accents of

keen grief are almost interdicted to its powers. It is a melancholy, dreamy, and rather noble voice, of which the sonorousness has something of vague, of remote, which renders it superior to all others in exciting regret, and reviving images and sentiments of the past, when the composer desires to awaken the secret echo of tender memories. M. Halevy has with extreme felicity employed two corni inglesi in the ritornello of Eleazar's air in the fourth act of *The Jewess*.

In the Adagio of one of my own symphonies, the corno inglese, after having repeated in the bass octave the phrases of a hautboy—as the voice of a youth might reply to that of a young girl in a pastoral dialogue—reiterates fragments of them (at the close of the movement) with a dull accompaniment of four kettle-drums, during the silence of all the rest of the orchestra. The feelings of absence, of forgetfulness, of sorrowful loneliness, which arise in the bosoms of the audience on hearing this forsaken melody, would lack half their power if played by any other instrument than the corno inglese.

The mixture of the low sounds of the corno inglese with the bass notes of the clarinets and horns, during a tremolo of double-basses, gives a sonorousness as peculiar as it is novel, and well suited to imbue with its menacing impression those musical ideas where fear and solicitude predominate. This effect was unknown either to Mozart, Weber, or Beethoven. A magnificent example of it is to be found in the duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; and I think M. Meyerbeer is the first who caused it to be heard on the stage.

In compositions where the prevailing impression is that of melancholy, the frequent use of the corno inglese hidden in the midst of the great mass of instruments, is perfectly suited. Then, only one hautboy part need be written; replacing the second by that of the corno inglese. Gluck has employed this instrument in his Italian opera of *Telemaco*, and *Orfeo*; but without manifest intention, and without deducing much effect. He never introduced it in his French scores. Neither Mozart, Beethoven, nor Weber, have used it; wherefore, I know not.

THE BASSOON.

The bassoon is the bass of the hautboy; it has a compass of more than three octaves.

This instrument leaves much to desire on the score of precision of intonation; and would gain perhaps more than any other wind instrument, from being constructed according to Böhm's system.

The bassoon is of the greatest use in the orchestra on numerous occasions. Its sonorousness is not very great, and its quality of tone, absolutely devoid of brilliancy or nobleness, has a tendency towards the grotesque—which should be always kept in mind, when bringing it forward into prominence. Its low notes form excellent basses to the whole group of wooden wind instruments. The bassoon is ordinarily written in two parts; but large orchestras being always provided with four bassoons, it can then be without inconvenience written in four real parts; or, still better, in three,—the lowest part being doubled an octave below, to strengthen the bass. The character of their high notes is somewhat painful, suffering—even, I would say, miserable,—which may be sometimes

introduced into either a slow melody, or passages of accompaniment, with most surprising effect. Thus the odd little cluckings heard in the Scherzo of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, towards the close of the decrescendo, are solely produced by the somewhat forced sound of the A \flat , and the high G of the bassoons in unison.

When M. Meyerbeer, in his resurrection of the Nuns, wished to find a pale, cold, cadaverous sound, he, on the contrary, obtained it from the weak middle notes of the bassoon.

Rapid passages of bound notes may be successfully employed; they come out well when they are written in the favorite keys of the instrument, such as D, G, C, F, B \flat , E \flat , A, and their relative minors.

THE DOUBLE-BASSOON.

This instrument is to the bassoon, what the double-bass is to the violoncello. That is to say, its sound is an octave lower than the written note.

It is needless to add that this very ponderous instrument is only suitable for grand effects of harmony, and to bases of a moderate degree of speed. Beethoven has used it in the finale of his Symphony in C minor; and in that of his Choral Symphony. It is very valuable for large wind instrument bands; nevertheless, few players care to learn it. Occasionally, the attempt is made to replace it by the ophicleide, the sound of which has not the same depth; since it is in unison with the usual bassoon, and not with the octave below; and the quality of tone of which has no analogy of character with that of the double-bassoon. I think therefore, in the majority of cases, it is better to do without this instrument, than to replace it thus.

[To be continued.]

Hector Berlioz.

[Concluded.]

When he reached Paris, he remembered that he owed the acquaintance I have mentioned 1,200f. for the execution of his mass. The miserable sum of money he received from his father, forbade his hoping to discharge that debt by an economical administration of his allowance. He, therefore, resorted to other means; he rented a garret at fifteen francs a month, resolved never to spend more than eight sous a meal, (sixteen sous a day,) and succeeded in paying 600 francs in four months. This probity reached his father's ear: Dr. Berlioz paid the remaining 600f. but he gave Hector no more money until the sum allowed him had extinguished this advance. His secret motive to this was to constrain his son to return home. Hector detected the snare: he expended still less money for his meals, gave more lessons, and in this way contrived to live without receiving any aid from his family. A young man of talents brought Berlioz the "book" of an opera entitled "*Les Francs Juges*;" he found the subject very poetical, and composed the score with enthusiasm. The Grand Opera rejected the "book," and all his labor was lost: the overture of "*Les Francs Juges*" is still preserved, and those who are acquainted with it declare it a master piece.

It would almost seem as if some genius of evil had heard Berlioz's mother's anathema, and determined to execute it. Failing the performance of *Les Francs Juges*, he sought to obtain the concert-room of the Conservatoire, to execute there the overture of that rejected opera. It was denied him. He lost several pupils in music. Gaunt Poverty clutched him in its iron claws. Some fore-runner of Maretzek was engaging an orchestra for New York. He sought to obtain the place of flutist; he applied too late—all the places were filled. In his despair, he entered a *concours* for choristers at the Opera Comique; his competitors were a chorister of some church, a carpenter, a blacksmith and a weaver. He was successful, and Fortune seemed to relax her frowns—new pupils came. An old friend, a student of pharmacy, gave him a portion of his chamber, and prepared for him a succulent supper on the furnace where he distilled. Once a week the two friends contrived to go to the Grand Opera. Berlioz, who knew all the great scores by heart, was always

indignant whenever the orchestra made any changes in the opera they were executing, and invariably bawled his opinion from his seat in the pit to the leader of the orchestra; but generally the only effect he produced was on himself; the police would put him out of the door! One evening, however, he was more fortunate. As usual, he cried out to the musicians, "What are ye about? You omit something! There is a solo! Read the score!" The pit took up the cry—"The solo! the solo! the solo!" The orchestra was obstinate. The pit yelled again. The orchestra still pretended not to hear. The whole pit—Berlioz at their head—then leaped over the orchestra—the musicians fled—the curtain fell—and the melo-manias broke all the instruments to atoms! Since I am in the way of telling stories, here is another of Hector's youth, which may prove interesting. At a representation of *Antigone* a person sitting near young Berlioz accompanied the music with ejaculations of admiration, to the great annoyance of his neighbors and despite their repeated "*Pst! Pst!*" At last our hero, overcome by this irritation, and his nervous sensibility excited by the music, buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed. The man, whose interjections had so greatly annoyed him, perceiving his emotion, caught him in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and kissed him on both cheeks, exclaiming, "Ah! you do understand music—That's a noble fellow! *Pleurons! Pleurons!*" Hector's tears ceased to flow, and the pit roared!

About this period of his life Mr. Macready and Miss Smithson brought over an English company to Paris, and introduced the French to Shakspeare. They effected a great revolution here: they inspired M. Victor Hugo, M. Alexandre Dumas, M. Casimir Delavigne with their best dramas, and M. Paul Delaroche and M. Eugene Delacroix with the subjects of some of their best paintings. They turned M. Berlioz's head and heart. He fell desperately in love with Miss Smithson, the charming Juliet and Desdemona of the company. Every night she played he was at the theatre, and his only object, his only desire was to attract her attention. He determined to give a concert composed exclusively of his compositions: the overture to the *Francs Juges*; the overture to "*Waverley*;" a Greek heroic scene; and the "*Death of Orpheus*." Everything was ready for the concert, but Cherubini refused the Conservatoire concert-room. M. Berlioz appealed to the Superintendent of Fine Arts, and obtained the concert-room. The concert was given, but the orchestra was hostile to him, and the whole proved a *fiasco*. Nothing discouraged, M. Berlioz wrote Miss Smithson letters upon letters written in the style of a lunatic. The English "star" was alarmed at such declarations, she looked on the writer as mad and refused to receive his letters. M. Berlioz determined to give another concert. He gave it in the theatre where the English actors played, on one of the "off nights;" the orchestra was faithful, and the critics applauded him lustily. Miss Smithson was not touched by this success, and in a day or two afterwards, she, with the rest of the English company, were on their way home.

M. Berlioz was almost heart-broken. He could not work. He could think of nothing. A German pianist introduced him to an actress on the Boulevard, whose likeness to Miss Smithson was wonderfully close. M. Berlioz gratified his love for Miss Smithson by proxy, and his heart ceased to throb. He worked hard again, and soon carried off the first prize at the Conservatoire for his cantata, *La Mort de Sardanapale*; but, when it came to be executed, some perfidious hand mixed the score, and the most frightful discord reigned in the orchestra. A week afterwards, the cantata was performed with success. At the same time, he brought out a *Symphonie Fantastique* (which was greatly admired and greatly abused,) and wrote scores for Gerard de Nerval's translations of *Faust*. The first prize at the Conservatoire entitled him to live in Italy for two years, at the expense of the Government. He ruptured the silken chains which bound him to Miss Smithson's image, and he went to Italy. He was scarcely installed in the palace, devoted by France to its school at Rome by M. Horace Vernet, then its

director, when he received a letter from the mother of the actress with whom he had so long been intimate, in which she announced the approaching marriage of her daughter, and reproached our hero with having *come near* (these French! these French!) dishonoring her daughter by seducing her.

Young Berlioz was furious. He bought four pistols, one for the actress, one for her husband, one for her mother, and one for himself, and filled his pockets with violent poisons, determined that if his pistol failed him, he would end his existence by more certain means. To make sure of gaining an entrance into the actress's house, he purchased a woman's costume, and abruptly quitted Rome for France. On the eve of embarking at Genoa, he determined to devote twenty-four hours to correct his *Symphonie Fantastique*, that at least he might leave behind him a composition (which he looks upon as his masterpiece) without faults. While working at this score, he thought of what fame he might acquire, and he wept; tears cooled his murderous thoughts, or rather changed them into ideas of suicide; he ran to the sea and leaped into it. Some sailors observed him and rescued him. Ashamed of his despair, he wrote the next day, the following letter to M. Horace Vernet. This letter obtained publicity at the sale of the celebrated collection of autographs belonging to the late Baron de Tremont:

Monsieur—A hideous crime, a betrayal of confidence of which I am a victim, has made me rave with madness, from Florence to this place. I flew to France to execute the justest and most terrible of vengeance. At Genoa, a moment of vertigo, a moment of the most inconceivable weakness, destroyed my determination. I abandoned myself to childish despair, but I escaped with several draughts of salt water, with being harpooned like a salmon, lying fifteen minutes for dead in the sun, and puking violently above an hour. I do not know who took me out of the sea; they believe I fell accidentally from the city's ramparts. *Maïs enfin*, I'm still alive; I must live for two sisters whose death I would have caused had I died. I must live for my art.

Diana Marina, 18 April, 1831.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

I quote you only the principal passages in his letter, for it fills two quarto pages. His heart returned to Miss Smithson. When his period of travel had expired, and he once more reached Paris, he found to his great delight Miss Smithson managing an English theatre here. He organized a concert of his own compositions, foremost among which stood his *Symphonie Fantastique*. One of his friends promised to bring Miss Smithson to the concert. M. Berlioz was madly applauded, and she could easily discover in the cries of pain and love with which the score was filled, how earnestly she was loved. The next day she allowed Berlioz to be introduced to her. He addressed her, and was accepted. But their parents opposed the marriage—Berlioz's family especially, for they looked upon the marriage of their son to an actress as a blur upon the family escutcheon! During their engagement, the English theatre proved bankrupt; and all of Miss Smithson's fortune was lost. They were married, however, in 1833, and the celebrated Miss Smithson became Mme. Berlioz. Her husband's evil genius still pursued him: the week after she was married she broke her leg. The day he was married he had not three hundred francs in his pocket, and Miss Smithson had even less: he gave concert after concert, paid her creditors an instalment of their debts, paid his surgeon's bill, and managed to live.

He composed "*Harold en Italie*," which was loudly applauded, especially by Paganini, whose commendations engaged the Minister of the Interior to command a "requiem," in memory of Gen. Damremont and the soldiers who fell at the storming of Constantine, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Invalides. Here Berlioz came very near being ruined by a dishonorable trick of Habeneck, the leader of the orchestra. The *Tuba mirum* required on the part of the leader of the orchestra redoubled vigor and energy: when Habeneck reached it, he quietly laid down his bâton, and took a pinch of snuff. M. Berlioz had all along entertained suspicions of Habeneck. He seized the bâton, led the orchestra, and saved

the "Requiem," which was very successful. The Government had promised M. Berlioz 3,000*fr.* for this piece; when he asked for his money, he was offered the ribbon of the Legion of Honor instead of it; he refused, and insisted on his money, for he owed nearly all of it to his musicians; it was not until he menaced the Minister with a lawsuit, that he obtained it.

He now obtained the place of musical critic in the *Gazette Musicale*, and afterwards in *Le Correspondant*, and much later in *Le Journal des Debats*. His style is fantastic; sometimes it sinks into buffoonery, but it is almost always interesting and original. He has raised himself a great many enemies by his pen and tongue, for they are both intemperate and frequently unjust. He spoke in these terms of Rossini's "Faith, Hope and Charity;" "His hope deceives ours; his faith cannot transport mountains; and as for his charity, it will not ruin him." In another *feuilleton* he made M. Panseon the laughing stock of Paris. This professor at the Conservatoire published a prospectus offering his services to all amateur composers as a corrector of their compositions, his charge being only 100*fr.* for each piece; it was written in the style of a quack's card. M. Berlioz inserted it at length in his *feuilleton* in the *Debats*, writing over it: "Cabinet de Consultations pour les Melodies Secretes."

M. Berlioz's next composition was "Benvenuto Cellini," a grand opera, which fell in Paris amid great hissing, but which is admired in Germany with frenzy, where it is frequently performed. Paganini, who had become an intimate friend of Berlioz, never forgave France the downfall of this piece; he wrote to one of his friends at Genoa that the French had been guilty of an act of vandalism, and when the opera disappeared from the bills of the opera, he wrote this letter to M. Berlioz: "My dear friend, Beethoven dead, none but Berlioz could make him live again, and I, who have frequently enjoyed your divine composition—worthy of a genius like yours—feel it my duty to beg you to be good enough to accept as an homage from me 20,000 francs, which will be paid to you by Baron de Rothchild, on the presentation of the enclosed. Believe me always yours, Nicolo Paganini." A month before Paganini died, (and when his voice had gone forever,) he was at one of Berlioz's concerts. Unable to express his admiration by words, he fell on his knees in the concert-room, before all the spectators, and kissed Berlioz's hands. With these 20,000 francs he labored for fourteen months on "Romeo and Juliet," and expended the sum which remained of Paganini's generous gift in executing it. After Berlioz lays down his *bâton*, the concert ended, he is obliged to be carried home and put to bed, so exhausted is he by emotion: his clothes are wringing wet.

In 1841 he went to Germany where he had great success; he is far more popular there than he is here. During his tour he gave concerts with Mendelssohn. They would invariably be called out; and at a grand festival given by them they embraced each other on the stage, and exchanged their *bâtons*, amid loud applause. In 1845 he visited Russia, where he made a good deal of money—three concerts fetched him 88,000. On the eve of his departure he gave at the Grand Theatre of St. Petersburg his symphony—"Romeo et Juliette"—before the Emperor, Empress and all the Court. He was recalled four times and obliged to remain on the stage ten minutes each time until the applause ceased. At the end of this concert, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, he fell on a chair in the green-room, and sobbed like a child.

On his return to France, his pleasure was clouded by the deaths of his father, mother and sister, who died within a short time of each other. His marriage with Miss Smithson proved an unhappy match. It could not have been otherwise. That custom of domination and other masculine habits women acquire on the stage, altogether unfit them for that submissive part of wife required by matrimony. Miss Smithson became jealous; and, from what you now know of the character of M. Berlioz, you may well imagine this ardent, nervous, sensitive, restless being was ill-calculated

to make a home happy. They ceased to live together. * * * * However, all relation did not cease between the husband and the wife, and during the long sickness (paralysis) which carried Henrietta Smithson to her grave, Hector Berlioz made her as comfortable as man could do.

These domestic misfortunes, and the virulent persecutions of his enemies seemed to give M. Berlioz a sort of torpor. For years he was silent. *L'Enfance du Christ* was the first work he composed after his return from Russia, and that I gave a full account of when it appeared last year. He was elected a member of the Institute last June.

His face is handsome; he has an aquiline nose, a fine intellectual mouth, a prominent chin; his eyes are somewhat sunken, and are occasionally full of fire and brilliancy and occasionally covered with a melancholy, languid cloud. His hair is wavy, his forehead is covered with wrinkles, which attest the storm which has tossed his life. His conversation is unequal, *brusque emportée*, sometimes expansive, more frequently cold and reserved. According to the humor he happens to be in, it arouses in his hearer a lively curiosity, or a warm sympathy. GAMMA.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Musical Teachers.

BY DAISY.

(Concluded from number before the last.)

There is a great difference of opinion among amateurs as to what constitutes musical talent. I once knew a lady who could execute some of the most difficult pieces of music upon the piano-forte, following every note, and adhering to the marks of expression with the utmost precision. Yet another might play the same music after she left the instrument, and she would not know that she had ever heard it before. She said she merely learned to play for the gratification of her friends.

Now it is evident that this lady had no musical talent whatever; for it is *not* playing every note according to its real value and keeping good time alone that proves the musician; the voice of music speaks through the soul, and by that rule it is easy to discern the true artist.

In a late number of the Journal it was suggested by a correspondent that a school for music teachers should be established, and that no one be allowed a certificate without a thorough examination by musicians. Such a school, if conducted upon right principles, would undoubtedly be a great aid in the cultivation of musical science in our country. There would at least be fewer chances for deception on the part of our music teachers, and a corresponding increase of good performers among the pupils in our schools and seminaries.

It is time that a line should be drawn between the one who really applies himself to the art, and only aspires to merit the title of Teacher of Music, and the one who merely teaches for a little recreation, "just to see how it seems."

In our country towns especially, once or twice a year, half a column of the village paper is devoted to a flaming advertisement, announcing that the celebrated Prof. B—, pupil of the distinguished Mr. —, is prepared to give a course of twelve lessons in music to the youth in the vicinity, &c. The public immediately concludes that any one who is so confident of his own abilities must be worth something; and all the young ladies are eager to say they have taken lessons of a fashionable teacher, and for twelve hours (one a week) they practice upon his "new and beautiful instrument," and then bid adieu to music till the next "Professor" comes round.

In saying all this, I have not the slightest wish to exaggerate nor to detract from the merit of all who come among us in the capacity of music teachers. I only present a few suggestions to the music-loving portion of the community. In this, as in every other art, let all things be tried and proved in the beginning, while music is yet in its infancy in this country, and we may yet reap glorious results.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—I have no musical intelligence to give you this week; but I must needs utter a complaint against your printers or proof-readers for making me say in my last, that Mrs. JAMIESON sang out of *tune*, instead of *time*, as I had written. The lady's singing was excellent in every other respect; she has a fine, true voice, knows how to use it, and sings with feeling, but in the point above mentioned she was so very inaccurate, that I wondered how the orchestra could keep pace with her. I hear, moreover, that this is a fault with her which is well-known to the public.

Will "Trovator" allow me to inquire what had happened to his eyes and ears and musical discrimination when he took the Trio of Spohr, played at Eisfeld's last concert, for one of Beethoven's? They must all have played him very false, for the programme told us distinctly that the Trio was by Spohr, and the last Quartet (which, though the gem of the evening, he does not mention at all) by Beethoven; and the two composers are so exceedingly unlike, that it seems hardly possible to mistake the one for the other. I have, however, no doubt that Mr. GOLDBECK could "grasp the full meaning of even Beethoven's compositions," should he interpret any of them in public, for in our high opinion of his merits, "Trovator" and I agree better than in some other respects.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—There were very few enjoyed the musical welcome with which the New Year was greeted in this city. For who, indeed, at midnight would be wandering among the gloomy streets of lower New York, when at that hour they are entirely deserted, save by some solitary watchman treading his lonely beat, and guarding the treasures that are enclosed in those massy walls of brick and stone, that tower dimly up on every side? Who could foretell, that in that silent region could be heard the happy tones of welcome that sang the advent of another year?

It was a sweet, mild night, that of the 31st of December, 1856, and it seemed as if the old year had spent all its rage and fury, and was about to die in peace. The white snow fell soft and silently, and everything was quiet, as the last few moments of the dying year were throbbing on to eternity. High up in the dark night loomed the tower and spire of Trinity Church, which the snow was quietly dressing in a robe of spotless white, hiding the carefully carved inequalities, and transforming the huge mass into a blanched and ghostly figure, that stood out in the midnight with fearful distinctness. At the appointed time the clock clanged out the hour of twelve, and the past year had fled away forever. For a moment all is still. But hark! what is that sweet music that fills the air, and drops down as beautifully as snow-flakes and far more musically? Louder and louder it sounds, and soon peals out in the snowy night, the sweet, familiar tones of "Home, sweet home." Up in the belfry of Trinity, the chimes are ringing out their welcome to Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-seven, and their first song is one of home. Let us stand there in front of the church and listen; all is still save that sweet music. Down Wall Street a few dim lamps are glimmering through

the falling snow, and these are all that mark that famous avenue, which in a few hours will be thronged by thousands. Up and down Broadway the scene is much the same; a watchman only is standing on the opposite corner, and he and ourselves are the only ones that we know are listening to the music from the belfry, as it sings of "Home,"—of homes that during the past year have been broken up forever—of home circles where, on this happy morning, will intrude sad thoughts of absent ones, that went down to the sea in ships and never more returned—of homes from which some dear form has been carried away with closed eyes, pale face and folded hands—of a home where the lost ones will be found, the closed eyes again opened, and the folded hands again clasped in dear embrace.

But soon, like a dissolving view, the melody changes, and the "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn" rings out more gladly, and other thoughts, of churches where we have sung that hymn, allied to words of promise and consolation, come upon the memory. But even these fade, as with wild joy the belfry chimes ring out merrily the Brindisi from *Lucrezia*, and banish all sad thoughts, drive back the starting tear, bring a smile upon the cheek, and reminds us of the many happy, as well as sad moments, the past year has brought us, and of the many happy plans we have formed for the New Year. And as we slowly stroll up Broadway, the chimes fall fainter and fainter, but merry still. Other melodies can be distinguished, and for an hour the heavenly music drops from the unseen belfry as if showered down by angels, or as if every snow-flake as it fell was chanting a little song of joy. And that's how the chimes of Trinity Church welcomed in the New Year.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new!
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be."

* * * * *

We have the prospect of many delicious musical treats during the coming season. The German Opera company are tolerably successful, and have produced an opera by Auber, called the "Mason and the Locksmith"—an opera that contains some pretty melodies, but is inferior to Auber's more familiar productions. The principal theme is an air sung by the tenor in the first act, and it is worked up in the following portions of the opera, very much like a similar tenor air in *Traviata*. There is a pretty duet for bass and tenor, which the locksmith and mason sing to the accompaniment of their own anvils, though what a mason has to do with an anvil is not exactly obvious. The plot is complicated and quite

impossible to be grasped without a libretto; there is a curious conglomeration of Turks, and Christians, and villagers, and scolding wives, with a Greek girl, and a noble lover, dressed in a white mantle, like a ghost. The mason and blacksmith, each possess in their respective wives a perfect Xanthippe, and each are feloniously abstracted to a brigand's cave, where the Greek girl sings a love song, while the mason, apparently under compulsion, builds a stone wall by the novel process of grasping the top of it with his hands, and gradually pulling it up as it were from the bowels of the earth. The feature of the last act is a scolding duet between the wife of the mason and a prying old maid who indulges in snuff. The opera was well received, but can have no permanent success. The next new opera will be Lortzing's "Czar and Zimmermann."

The Academy of Music will re-open next Monday for the presentation of Italian Opera, by PARODI, TIBERINI, ANGRI, and MORELLI. But twelve performances will be given, and it is said that no operas will be produced that do not afford Parodi and D'Angri an opportunity of appearing together. Certainly it will be a treat to hear these two splendid artistes in *Semiramide* or *Lucrezia*. Mr. STRAKOSCH is to be the director of the company, and will perhaps produce his own opera, *Giovanni di Napoli*, which was written for Parodi, and performed years ago at the old Astor Place Opera House.

TROVATORE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Jan. 1.—Springfield has just had the honor of listening to a concert from THALBERG and Mme. DE WILHORST. My friend Jones and myself were there. Jones is a plain-spoken fellow, has quite an ear for music, "opera music" in particular. He generally attends all the first concerts that stop here, and has acquired a little critical knowledge of "tone," "timbre," etc., etc. I give you the benefit of a few of his criticisms below.

The concert opened with an aria sung by Mme. De Wilhorst. She is exceedingly pretty; has an independence of manner on the stage "quite charming," as a fellow at our elbow suggested. As to her voice, we think as Jones does—"excellent for an amateur's attempt at the marvellous—rather thin on some of the low notes—a little too brilliant on some of her high notes—powerful, a little more so at times than is pleasant."

The applause being over, the audience (which by the way filled the hall) were breathless in anticipation of the debut of the immortal Thalberg in Springfield. He came. Instead of *Don Giovanni* (as advertised), he gave us his transcription of *Mosé in Egitto*. The audience was wild with enthusiasm. He did not answer the encore. His second fantasia, "Masaniello," produced more cause for enthusiasm, and the audience insisted on having an encore, which he answered by his melodious rendering of "Sweet Home." Truly his command of his hands is most wonderful. His left hand wanders among the mazes of Arpeggio harmonies with an ease and grace that is perfectly seducing. One has not his senses. Jones contained himself during the first part, and uttered not a word till the last strain of "Sweet Home" had ceased, when, with an enthusiasm more worthy of an insane person, he exclaimed, with his face beaming with delight and wonder:

"By Jove! his thumbs are all fingers. Really, I thought Mason, Gottschalk, Strakosch and those tall players did the piano well, but I am just as much in the fog as to what piano perfection is, as when I first heard cousin Jane thump out 'Home' as a waltz on our forty dollar concern. This man plays a few notes of the melody in the middle of the piano with his right hand; at the same time his left, full of 'muttering wrath,' crawls up and attacks the melo-

dy, and then the right steals way up to high C, sees what's to be seen, and then softly tumbles back just in time to carry on the melody, while the left hand leaves for the lower regions on an excursion for 'diminished sevenths,' 'flat ninths,' curious tenths, and all them sort of things, and gets back in the region of middle C in time to relieve the right hand of the melody, to cut up its pranks in the upper octaves. Really, I believe the next great player who comes here will play a part at each end of the instrument, while he plays an obligato accompaniment inside on the wires!"

In the second part Mme. De Wilhorst was encored after singing an aria from "Trovatore." She sang the "Last Rose of Summer." My friend suggests a query as to the reason why great singers, when they sing airs familiar as household words, embellish them with that eternal *tremolo*. True it is that tastes differ, yet if singers did but know it, "home airs" sound best when sung in mellow organ tones, each word and syllable distinctly uttered, yet so joined together that an even flow of melody charms the hearer, and frees his ear from violent *sforzandos* and nervous tremblings, now too common among public singers.

The concert was a great success, and with a full house at a dollar admission, we may presume that it was a success to the managers.

I have not time to speak of our own musical matters. Will do so in my next. Thalberg gives a concert in Hartford to-night (1st). More anon.

AD LIBITUM.

BRESLAU, NOV. 30, 1856.—My Dear Dwight: I have not forgotten the rash promise I made you as I shook your hand at parting, on a certain mellow day in October.

They say of us in New England that we have no Spring; and I have heard it remarked of Germany, it has no Fall. Now I believe it. I came upon the Rhine a few weeks since, just in the vintage time, rejoicing in summer attire; and here I am on the banks of the frozen Oder, with the thermometer at zero, and not yet clear of the skirts of autumn. You should see me toggled out in a coat of Russia dog, reaching to my heels, rough seal skin boots, and head gear to match. Such a rig is indispensable. Here let me note, in a Pickwickian way, a remarkable incident that fell under my observation while crossing the bridge of the Oder this afternoon. A score of half-famished crows, blacker than cats, were torturing a huge rat, which had by some means got upon the ice in the middle of the stream. A crowd soon collected to witness the fight. The excitement became intense. A squad of soldiers seemed particularly to enjoy it. It was a novel battle, and curiously fought, now in the air, now in the water, and anon upon the smooth surface of the ice. With Rat it was for life or death, and the odds were fearfully against him. At last he escaped miraculously by taking to the crevasses, where, for aught I know, he remains to this day. *Mem*: that on the frozen confines of Germany and Poland the rats and crows are ever at deadly feud. *Hæc fabula docet, &c.*

But in the way of music. I think I sent you the programme of a recent Philharmonic Concert at Hamburg, which I was fortunate in being present to hear. This was the first of the series of four for the winter, and was dedicated to the memory of the lamented SCHUMANN, whose works were mainly performed on the occasion. By referring to the programme, you will see that JOACHIM and BRAHMS were the soloists. The cordial greeting with which these young artists were received by both orchestra and audience, showed the high appreciation in which they are held. An ode was spoken during the evening in eulogy of the gifted composer.

A like commemoration is shortly to be held in Dresden, and will be followed, I doubt not, in the

other cities of Germany; for, however much Schumann was ridiculed and carped at while living, the mourning for him now is sincere and heartfelt.

Berlin promises to be particularly brilliant in opera this winter. The star ascendant is JOANNA WAGNER, as usual. Perhaps you will say I am wanting in good taste if I confess I did not like either the quality of her voice or her method of singing. But to me it seemed hard and unfeeling, lacking that sympathetic quality which is possessed in so eminent a degree by the great artists we have heard. Indeed, I am inclined to generalize this opinion, and apply it in the broadest sense to German solo-singing. Can there be any truth in a remark I find in a recent Medical Journal bearing on this point? (I had cut out and laid aside this paragraph for your special benefit, but have mislaid it.) It refers to the omni-prevalent habit of beer-drinking, to which the Germans as a nation are addicted, and attributes the degradation of their tenor voices, in particular, (so says Medicus,) to its deleterious effect. Such voices he styles the *beer-barrel* voice. It may be all a libel, but really I think I have recognized this beer-barrel voice not unfrequently of late.

While in the Dresden Gallery a few days since, my sense of hearing was suddenly aroused by the triumphant strains of a full military band in front of the guard house, on the opposite side of the street. You know I have somewhat of a fondness for good music of this nature. So I quitted the gallery and its gems of Art, for a time, for a nearer chance at the band. It numbered about sixty performers, and was composed wholly of brass, but had nevertheless a pleasing and mellow effect, not unusual in combinations of purely brazen ingredients. A nearer inspection explained the cause; for amongst the innumerable family of the Sax tribe I counted twelve French horns, half a dozen Kent bugles, and as many trombones, thus mollifying in no small degree the ordinary *ensemble* of our modern collection of crack-brass.

The treasures of the Dresden Gallery are seen to much greater advantage in the new building than was formerly the case. In particular, one is gratified that the incomparable San Sisto is now placed in a separate apartment, with due regard to the proper disposition of the picture and the comfort of the spectators. In the flood of light that can now be thrown upon the painting, it still retains, to all appearance, its original freshness and bloom. Miracle of Art indeed! The other most important works are likewise better placed than formerly.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 5.—This is the anniversary of MOZART's death, and the occasion is celebrated by the representation of *Don Giovanni*, as originally scored. Of course it was interesting and enjoyable, although the cast was indifferent; but I could not help thinking the *Requiem* would have been more appropriate. The orchestration was faultless. Could it be otherwise in Leipzig? The subscription lists to the Gewandhaus Concerts are as usual more than filled, and the casual visitor is fortunate if he obtains a foothold in the hall. The series for this season is to consist of twenty concerts, to be given weekly. This is in a town of 60,000 inhabitants—a condition of things which the "Athens" of the West would do well to imitate.

A brief interview with MOSCHELES was one of the pleasant things connected with my stay in Leipzig. Moscheles is now a man of some sixty-five or seventy years of age, cordial in his bearing and genial in disposition, as he is ripe in reputation and renown. His conversation very naturally soon turned upon BEETHOVEN. He spoke with enthusiasm of the great work of CRAWFORD in the Boston Music Hall, and of the liberality which could prompt an individual to bestow upon a public institution so priceless a gift. He showed me in his Album a well executed drawing of this statue, which he had placed

among the cherished memorials of the great master. Of the work itself he spoke in terms of highest praise. As a likeness, so far as he could judge, it was satisfactory and correct—a little idealized in height, and in the form of the head, perhaps, but grandly expressive of the character and genius of the man. A bust of Beethoven, taken a couple of years before his death, was standing on a table hard by. In this and in our own statue, the stamp of the features is clearly the same. Of the odd little pen and ink sketch, so familiar to us at home, which Moscheles has also in his album, he remarked, it was too short and stumpy, and almost a caricature, though it still bears (as he thinks) a recognizable resemblance to the manner and figure of Beethoven as he walked the streets. But I have already exceeded the allotted limits of a letter.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 10, 1857.

First Philharmonic Concert.

In spite of the cold and driving snow-storm, and of the rival attraction of THALBERG at the Music Hall, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN's orchestra drew to the Melodeon about as many people as it could hold. The hall had indeed been "renovated" and made as clean and light as paint and gas could make it; and the familiar old place, scene of so many oratorios and concerts, had a right comfortable and cozy look. All the six hundred season subscribers were there, and we should think as many more. These persons reasoned, probably, as we did: much as they wished to hear Thalberg, they felt their first duty to be here. Not that they loved Thalberg less, but Beethoven more. We had made so many fruitless efforts to secure orchestral concerts, and only now at this late moment, thanks to Carl Zerrahn, had we the prize within our grasp: would it be fair, would it be loyal to the Art we honor, to desert him now? Besides, a Symphony concert, one of a regular winter's series, ranks among the indispensable, and should, and would in every truly musical city in the world, take precedence of any virtuoso solo concert, by whomsoever given.

But what Santa Claus miracle is this? We have breasted the wind and snow, and on presenting our tickets at the door, have them politely returned to us, as "good also for next time," while we are ushered in to await the explanation of the mystery. Pleasant rumors are afloat over the gay and crowded hall, and we sit in pleased expectation, till the well known faces of the orchestra are ranged before us, and Herr Conductor ZERRAHN advances amid hearty greetings to his desk. He waits till all is still and reads a little speech. He has been disappointed with regard to the solo attractions who had been announced with not a little rustling of newspapers; first OLE BULL, who was sick, and then the famous trumpeter, Herr SCHREIBER; (there was nothing there that wore the look of disappointment, we must say); he was at a loss to account for this defection, and rather than appear to have promised what he did not mean to fulfil, he would present this concert as complimentary to his subscribers, and let them retain their tickets for the regular series of four, commencing on the 24th. Meanwhile the place of Herr Schreiber's solos would be supplied by the overture to *Freischütz*

and a violin solo of De Beriot kindly volunteered by Mr. SCHULTZE. This was indeed doing the handsome thing. By it Mr. Zerrahn sacrifices some four hundred dollars out of his own pocket, to establish his honor as a gentleman. But he places himself in so fine a position before the public, that, if that public knows how to be grateful, he cannot be a loser in the end. And what a bargain for us! exclaimed nine-tenths of the pleased subscribers; the noble *Freischütz* overture for a mere trumpet, with Schultze and De Beriot to boot! We give the programme, as amended:

- PART I.
1. Symphony No. 4 in B flat,.....Beethoven.
1. Adagio and Allegro molto.—2. Adagio.—S. Scherzo.—
4. Allegro ma non troppo.

2. Overture to "*Freischütz*,".....von Weber.

- PART II.
3. Grand Overture to Goethe's "*Faust*,".....R. Wagner.
(First time in this country.)
Motto.

The God who dwells within my soul
Can heave its depths at any hour;
Who holds o'er all my faculties control
Has o'er the outer world no power;
Existence lies a load upon my breast,
Life is a curse, and death a long'd for rest.
Brooks's translation.

4. Nocturne from "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," Mendelssohn.
5. Chorus of Pilgrims from "*Tannhäuser*,".....R. Wagner.
(First time in this city.)

Sung by a select choir of male voices.
Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee,
And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee!
Thou, pilgrim staff, may rest thee now;
Since I to God have fulfilled my vow.
By penance sore I have atoned,
And God's pure law my heart hath owned;
My pains hath He with blessing crowned:
To God my song shall aye resound!
His mercy shines on our weary probation;
Our souls shall share in the joys of salvation;
No fear have we of hell and death,
We'll praise our God while we have breath.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! forevermore, forevermore.
Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, &c.

6. Solo for Violin,.....De Beriot.
By William Schultze.

7. Overture to "*William Tell*,".....Rossini.

The concert went off with great spirit, and was highly relished. The orchestra numbered about thirty-five performers. The first violins comprised the six best artists in our city (viz: Messrs. SCHULTZE, SUCK, FRIES, MEISEL, GAERTNER, and ECKHARDT). This was a fine and effective body, almost too telling for that hall, and needing (as it seemed to us) to be balanced by a greater mass of middle strings. The violas were only three; the second violins four; the 'celli and double-basses three each. But Mr. Zerrahn had taken his pick, throughout, of the best players of their several instruments in Boston. We cannot say it was the best performance we have ever had here of the fourth Symphony; but it was on the whole a very good one—one of the best. It sounded exceedingly rich and clear, but needed larger space to subdue and blend the fresh ton-coloring more sweetly. For this is the sweetest, as well as the most love-impassioned, restless of Beethoven's symphonies. The melancholy, ruminating introduction, so full of profound feeling, and the fiery decision of the plunge into the Allegro, were brought out admirably. A little more of delicate shading on the part of the wind instruments, especially the brass, was all that the rest required. The Adagio was perhaps a trifle not slow enough; but how exquisitely it made its beauty felt, in spite of little blemishes; it was a great blemish, however, when it came the turn of the tympani to take up the throbbing figure which forms all along the groundwork of the melody; they were in no tune. The Scherzo needed more rehearsal to ensure perfection in the passages begun by one set of instruments and concluded by others; yet it had life and spirit; but the

glorious wild freedom of the Finale was well preserved, with all its wealth of beauties. The old *Freyshütz* overture was finely performed, and after our long fasting of the orchestral appetite, keenly approved itself as still one of the matchless overtures.

WAGNER'S "Faust" overture interested us far more deeply than we had anticipated. If we may speak from a single hearing, it is profound in sentiment, original in conception, logical in treatment, euphonious as well as bold in instrumentation, and marvellously interesting to the end, in spite of its sombre, restless monotony of feeling. It is not a dramatic overture; does not attempt to portray in contrasted themes the characters of Faust and Margaret and Mephistopheles, but confines itself to the illustration of a single passage in the poem, taken from Faust's second interview with Mephistopheles, in which, however, the key-note of the poem may be found; to-wit that feeling of the emptiness of life, that restless and unsatisfied yearning for the infinite, bordering on despair, of which Goethe makes his Faust the type, and which is expressed in the lines above cited as a motto, as well as in all the first part of the poem. The overture was originally written in Wagner's earlier days, in Paris, January 1840, and was re-wrought and published, at the suggestion of Lizst, in Zurich, his present place of exile, in 1855. In the preface to his three opera poems, Wagner refers to it as having been intended "to form only the first movement of a grand Faust symphony;" but nevertheless he has now published it as a Faust overture, complete in itself. We will not, without further hearing, attempt any minute description of the music. It seemed to fully satisfy its end; it spoke of the restless mood, the baffled aspiration, the painful, tragic feeling of the infinite amid the petty, chafing limitations of this world, which every soul has felt too keenly, just in proportion to the depth and intensity of its own life, and its breadth of culture. Never did music seem more truly working in its own sphere, except when it presents the heavenly solution and sings all of harmony and peace. The overture suggests analogy, in tone and spirit, with such works as the Allegro of the C minor Symphony, and that of the Choral Symphony, the overture to *Coriolanus*, &c., of Beethoven; there is something of the same sublime struggle of the soul with destiny. That Wagner's *Faust* can bear comparison in point of true imaginative genius, we will not venture to suggest. Such a work needs several hearings. The interpretation by the orchestra was certainly successful. We trust it will not at once be laid upon the shelf.

The Mendelssohn *Notturmo*, that delicious bit of dream music, had lost nothing of its charm. It could pass for an intermezzo, remote enough in character, between the Faust yearnings and despairs, and the *Tannhäuser* chorus of the Pilgrims who had found rest, and whose song therefore breathes the pure joy and satisfaction of the soul that has found God. We were all familiar with the strain as introduced in the beginning and conclusion of the overture. Here it is first sung (to words above) by male voices in the same rich four-part harmony, followed by hallelujahs, and then repeated in unison *fortissimo*, with the tremendous accompaniment of violin figures, as in the overture. It was finely sung by a select choir of about forty of our best male voices, which

formed a very rich and musical body of tone, and achieved a decided triumph, being most eagerly encored.—Mr. Schultze's solo, and the "Tell" overture we were obliged to lose, to catch a few strains of THALBERG.

Thalberg in Boston.

We have at length our turn of the triumphal procession of "New School" pianism, now ripened and mellowed by somewhat of age, in the person of its first creator and exponent, into a thing of quiet and delicious beauty, as contrasted with the painful prodigies with which we have been dazzled by his imitators. The Pope himself, and not his simulacrum, rides in this carriage. So, in spite of the great snow-storm, all the world turned out to see and hear; and we entered the Boston Music Hall at a late hour, to find it filled from floor to ceiling with a gay, delighted looking crowd, many hundreds of whom, it was plain to see, were indebted to their Santa Claus too for free safe conduct through the snow to such a palace of light and warmth and melody. We entered just in time to catch the last strains of Madame D'ANGRI's third piece, (from *Semiramide*) and be surprised by a contralto voice, the richest, strongest, and most even in its quality, that we have heard since ALBONI'S. As we listened further, in her *Centrola* piece: *Nacqui all'affanno* and *Non più mesta*, we were pleasantly aware of a singularly beautiful individuality of color in her (not the lowest) contralto tones—a quality that wooed attention irresistibly. The very low notes were more dry and juiceless than Alboni's; we never like them much in any one, and it is one little sign of an improving taste that these vocal monstrosities are not so sure to "bring the house down" as they once were. All her middle register is beautiful and rich and even, of remarkable volume; but on the confines of soprano the voice becomes hard and likes not to sustain a note. The execution was marvellously smooth and finished. Since Alboni, we have had no such passage singing by a contralto as those rapid variations of *Non più mesta*. The slow *cantabile*, too, was full of expression. The whole style was large and generous, in keeping with the abundant figure and genial, good-natured, bright face of the singer. The coarse shout in the Spanish piece (in answer to the encore) somewhat broke the charm.

Then THALBERG came. That modest, quiet, self-possessed, well-bred, middle-aged English-looking gentleman, making his way across the stage as quietly as if he were the stillest retired scholar in the audience seeking his way to a seat, was he. If he can advance so quietly to do all that has been told of him, it is pretty certain he can do it. He had already played some three of his Fantasias on operatic themes—his peculiar *specialité*—and now touched a few chords of his Erard by way of prelude to his *Barcarole*, one of his most graceful pieces, which was followed by the Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, the everlasting sugar and watery serenade, to which we always pay the penalty of listening (as we do to bores) by having it come back and haunt us afterward involuntarily. But in Thalberg's playing the stale melody was refined to crystal clearness, and one enjoyed the pure beauty of sound without much thought of meaning. His graceful arabesque became the work of art that claimed attention and rewarded it, in spite of the subject which it played around. Sig. MORELLI, the fine baritone, sang once, and THALBERG closed the evening with variations upon *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a very brilliant piece, in which octaves with one hand ran as smoothly and easily as single scales. In all these things the execution was so perfect that the mind did not begin to analyze, or hardly ask itself what it was hearing; it might break the charm to ask a question. There was a singular completeness about it. The execution was perfect

tion, the like of which we had not heard before. Each piece told its story so perfectly, that you forgot to ask how much it was all worth, as music—how many such it would take to weigh down a Beethoven Adagio, a Mendelssohn "Song without Words," a tone-reverie of Chopin, &c.; let all that go! Enough for the day is the beauty thereof, and here was a thing of exquisite beauty, which we will weigh when we have leisure, and when the spirit says *we must*. To Thalberg we could but be all ear, all sense of magical beauty of sound. It was enough to watch the sparkling combinations, without criticism, without thought of ulterior purpose, as we do rippling waters or the wheat-field running in waves before the wind. Those sometimes are profitable moments, though you can give no account of them. How long such charm may last we do not ask here. We were thankful for a new and exquisite sensation; and that it was to hear at last fully, perfectly *done*, and by the master of them all, what we have seen so many sweat and strain themselves to do but passably.

New as the sensation was, of Thalberg there can nothing new be said. What first strikes you is the ease and quiet of his playing; it is the character of the whole man to his fingers' ends. The greatest difficulties are done so easily, you only know that they are difficult because you have heard others try them. The *sense* of difficulty is forgotten; Art has lifted you to its sphere of Freedom.

Next, the purity of the whole rendering, not disturbed by any show of effect. The composition is before you, pure and clear, without alloy of matter or machinery, as a musician hears it in his mind in reading it from notes. The engraving and the impression are alike perfect. There is nothing that you can criticize about the picture, unless it be the design itself.

Thirdly, perfect symmetry and proportion in everything; exquisite gradation of force; such *crescendo* and *diminuendo* as only the wind in the tree, or the surf on the beach has taught us; such masterly working up of climaxes, such continuity of form and beauty, such sure, decided, startling answer to each call for strong and bold effects, such artistic subduing and toning down of the whole, with only increase of power and freshness. And so on.

Next, let us say, thorough command of his instrument, perfect *pianism*. There stood the most perfect of piano-fortes, and there sat he, for when it had waited, and to whom it had grown, to bring out all its resources. Have we ever known a touch like his? Were not the fingers predestined to the keys? Have we ever heard such tone, wooed, coaxed, or struck out?—due to the player as well as the maker. Have we heard such crisp, cleanly cut, decisive chords, and almost of orchestral breadth? such absolute distinction between chords *arpeggio-ed* and chords struck at once! Or such liquid, even runs? or such consummate command of the pedals, winning beauties and excluding blurs,—an art which very, very few pianists quite possess? And so on through the whole chapter.

It is hardly necessary to speak of expression. How the theme, the melody stands out pronounced and personal in the midst of whatsoever whirl and complication of accompanying ornament! It sings itself in the middle, or at the top of the instrument as veritable soprano, tenor or baritone. The setting and illustration of the theme, are equally harmonious and well-conceived; but here we touch the peculiar province of Thalberg, the operatic Fantasia, the form of modern concert music which he has created and turned all the heads of young pianists with, at the same time that he has developed ideas and resources of pianism, which must dominate more or less henceforth in all the music written for that instrument. But we must postpone what we have to say of it, until we have room to speak of the second equally successful and almost equally crowded con-

cert, of Thursday evening, when he played his *Son-nambula*, *Don Giovanni* and *Lucrezia* fantasias, besides his exquisitely, feverishly delicate, delirious *Turanta*.

This evening Mr. Thalberg will appear also as an interpreter of classical music, and will play Beethoven's C minor Concerto, with the aid of Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra, besides a rich programme otherwise. His fourth and fifth concerts in Boston will be on Tuesday and Friday evenings next. He will play twice also before the children of the public schools, and is giving concerts nearly every evening in neighboring cities. On Sunday evening, the 18th inst., he proposes, with the aid of the Handel and Haydn Society, to give a Sacred Concert in the Music Hall, and produce Mozart's "Requiem"; Mmes. DEWILHORST and D'ANGRI, Sig. MORELLI, and a tenor (not yet named), to sing the solos.

Beethoven's Early Sonatas.

An esteemed correspondent expresses surprise that in our recent article "A. W. T." mentions but three Sonatas as composed in Beethoven's boyhood. There are six, he says, that the great composer wrote before the publication of his Trios, Op. 1, though he is unable to say that they are all embraced in the dedication to the Prince Bishop. "A. W. T." writes us upon this point as follows:

"You will see that the title which I translated says expressly, 'Three Sonatas,' &c., and three is the number in the original publication, which I have examined. That Beethoven wrote much music before the publication of the Trios Op. 1 is well known; it is also well known that but little of this music ever saw the light. Instead of rushing into print, he, at the age of 22, began at the very beginning, and went through an entire course of musical study anew with Albrechtsberger, before publishing his Opus 1, suppressing his youthful works.

"If your correspondent can produce more three youthful sonatas it would be a great gratification to me to know what they are and when composed. I have supposed that Wegeler's phrase, 'the sonatas copied into the *Speiersche Blumenlese*,' referred to the three with the dedication to the Elector. One early work, dedicated to Eleonore von Breuning, was left unfinished at the composer's death, and Ries wrote the conclusion.

"In the Thematic Catalogue, a valuable and very correct work, the three others, of which your correspondent speaks, are not given. If I can get a clue to something that has thus far escaped my inquiries, it will be gratefully acknowledged."

Musical Intelligence.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—One of our exchanges speaks thus highly of a soirée given at the close of the term of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," established last year by Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER:

The pieces, both vocal and instrumental, were exceedingly well executed, and the pupils displayed that thorough scholarship and classical taste which Mr. Oliver's style of teaching is so sure to produce. There was no extraordinary preparation for this occasion, nor any attempt at showing off, but just that mode of exhibition which shows what the pupil can do as an ordinary thing. We are glad to learn that the success of the institute more than fulfils the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and that it may be regarded as established on the firmest foundation. The novel plan of a school designed for the cultivation of music as the prominent study with the other elegant arts, the language and literature as accessories, seems to fill a place before vacant; and the superior manner in which the plan is executed, reflects much credit

upon Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and their accomplished relative and assistant, Miss Merrill.

Sonatas by Beethoven and Mozart, songs by Mendelssohn, and Schubert, &c., formed part of the programme.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The *Spy* speaks of a forthcoming series of concerts, by Gustav Satter and the Boston "Quartet Club." What that club may be I know not with certainty. Although good singing is always acceptable, we may be allowed to wish that the types had erred for once, and that the club was the Quintette Club, to whom we used to listen in our more musical days, before "hard times" had frozen our hearts and tightened our purse-strings.—*Palladium*.

Foreign.

LONDON.—The Amateur Musical Society has entered upon its eleventh season. The first concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms Dec. 1st. The *News* says of it:

Mr. Henry Leslie is the conductor of the orchestra. The strength of the orchestra is very great; no less than seventy-two stringed instruments, of which forty are violins alone; with a full complement of wind and brass, the whole amounting to ninety-five—a number much exceeding that of the bands of the Philharmonic Society or the Royal Italian Opera. In our opinion the violins are too numerous.

The concert of last night was made up of excellent materials, as will be seen by the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony in D..... Beethoven.
Madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," A. D. 1550, Hubert Waelrent.
Part-song, "I saw lovely Phillis,"..... R. L. Peasall.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.
Overture (The Son and Stranger)..... Mendelssohn.
PART II.
Concerto in D minor, for piano-forte..... Mozart.
Mr. S. W. Waley.
Song: "Within the Convent Garden,"..... Thalberg.
Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge.
Madrigal: "In going to my lonely bed," A. D. 1550.
Richard Edwardes.
Part-song: "Departure,"..... Mendelssohn.
By Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.
Overture: (La Fille du Régiment,)..... Donizetti.

This was a most agreeable mixture of ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental: and the performance was not less pleasant than the selection.

M. JULIENS CONCERTS.—There is nothing particular to record in the past week's doings, except the Mendelssohn Festival, which took place last night. Miss Juliana May continues to sing "Ernani involami," and the scene from *Betty*, varied with other popularities from the Italian repertory. The *Traviata* selection has been alternated with the *Traviata*. The capital quadrille from *Pietro il Grande* has been revived, and various changes have taken place in the solo performances. The programme of the Mendelssohn Festival comprised the overture to *Ruy Blas*; "Song of Night," Miss Dolby; First Pianoforte Concerto, Miss Arabella Goddard; Symphony in A minor; Violin Concerto, M. Le Hon; and Wedding March from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

On Wednesday Sig. Andreoli, the Italian pianist, and pupil of the late Fumagalli, performed twice with great applause. His first piece was Thalberg's *Elisir*, which being encored, Sig. Andreoli played his eternal and by no means brilliant study for the left hand alone. In the second part he "had a shy" at Léopold de Meyer's *Marche Marocaine*; but his own polka, which was substituted on his being recalled, flows much more easily under the supple fingers of Sig. Andreoli.—*Mus. World*, Dec. 6.

DRURY LANE THEATRE, (From the Times, Dec. 3.)—Last night Beethoven's *Fidelio* was given, and, in spite of a vast many deficiencies, excited a degree of interest which, with an audience to whom fine music signifies something more than "tinkling cymbal," can be raised by no other opera except *Don Giovanni*.

On the present occasion, the execution of *Fidelio* was anything but perfect. Nevertheless, there was really so much to commend that to miss it would have been to miss a genuine treat. This praise, however, applies almost exclusively to the three principal performers:—Madame Rüdersdorff (*Fidelio*), Herr Reichardt (*Florestan*), and Herr Formes (*Rocco*). All three are versed in the pure German traditions, and consequently follow as closely as possible the recorded intentions of the composer. Besides which, all three are artists, both in a musical and histrionic sense, and artists as conscientious as they are able.

The other four personages we have seen better represented than last night. The *ensemble*, except in the concerted music of the prison scene, where Leonora, Florestan, and Rocco are prominent, was rarely satisfactory; the band—though cleverly conducted by Herr Anschütz, and containing in a large measure the elements of efficiency—was seldom exactly what could have been wished in an opera like *Fidelio*; the chorus still more seldom. The impressive invocation of the prisoners was, to use a very homely word, "muddled;" and, though some passages of the magnificent *finale* went far better and produced a far greater effect, others were anything but perfect. The opera was played with dialogue (as composed), the principal singers using the German tongue, the chorus a language of their own.

HAMBURG.—A friend, who was present, sends us the programme of "the one hundred and eleventh Philharmonic Private Concert," (first of a series of four this winter,) given in the *Wörner'schen Concertsaale*, on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 22, in memory of the lamented ROBERT SCHUMANN. There was an orchestra of fifty, and a chorus of sixty or eighty voices. The soprani were all dressed in black, and the front of the stage hung with festoons of white lace on a black ground. The selections were mostly from Schumann's compositions:

PART I.
1—Chorus from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus."
2—Eulogy, by Robert Heller, spoken by Herr Jauner.
3—Overture to "Manfred," by Schumann.
4—Chaconne, for the violin, by J. S. Bach, played by Concert-master Jo-chim.
5—Piano Concerto of Schumann, in A minor, played by Herr Brahms.

PART II.
1—Requiem for Mignon, by Schumann.
2—Fantasia for Violin, with Orchestra, by Schumann, performed by Herr Joachim.
3—Overture to "Egmont," Beethoven.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—On the 10th of Dec. was given the second and last Soirée of the Parisian Quintet Society, formed six years since for the performance of Beethoven's posthumous Quartets. It consists of Messrs. MAURIN (1st violin) SABATIER (2d do.) MAS (alto), and CHEVILLARD (violinello), all members of the imperial chapel. Herr A. BÜHL assisted as pianist. The programme consisted of three works of Beethoven, viz: Quartet in C minor, op. 131; Trio for Piano, violin and cello, in D major; and Quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. The hall in which the soirée was given is in one of the large hotels of Frankfort (*Holländische Hof*), which holds 300 to 400 persons, and is, by accident or design, a most excellent music room. On this occasion it was filled to overflowing with a delighted audience.

Advertisements.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

CARD OF THE MANAGEMENT.—It has been the intention of the Management to give in Boston only FIVE Concerts, (two of which have already taken place,) and to play on the off nights in the neighboring cities. The fatigue, however, accruing to the artists from daily travel in such an unpropitious season, as well as the uncertainty of their arriving at the requisite time, have induced the following change. The series has been extended to FOUR MORE CONCERTS, instead of three, which will take place in rapid succession, viz: The third on SATURDAY, January 10; the fourth on TUESDAY, Jan. 13; the fifth on FRIDAY, Jan. 16; the sixth (closed) on SUNDAY, Jan. 18. In consequence of which the price of admission has been put at ONE DOLLAR to all parts of the Hall. Seats secured without any extra charge. In addition to the above Concerts Mr. Thalberg will give TWO FREE CONCERTS to the Pupils of the Public Schools on Monday Jan. 12, and Saturday Jan. 17.

On SATURDAY, January 10, THALBERG and D'ANGRI's third appearance. An engagement has been entered into with Mr. Zerrahn and his Orchestra, from the Philharmonic Concerts, which will enable Mr. Thalberg to perform, with full Orchestral accompaniments, Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor on one of Chickering & Sons' Grand Piano Fortes. In addition to which he will play his Fantasia on Masanelli and the Prayer of Moses. Madame D'Angri will sing selections from Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro, Semiramide, and Cenerentola. The Orchestra will play Overtures from Der Freischütz, William Tell, and March from the Prophète, and the Andante from Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. Admission to all parts of the Hall, \$1. Seats may be secured without any extra charge, at Russell & Richardson's, 282 Washington street, on Friday and Saturday. All seats unsold may be had in the evening at the door.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's FIFTH CONCERT

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3. Ma Barque.
4. Tendresse.
5. Nocturne élégiaque.
6. Jours passés.
7. Pleurs et soupirs d'amour.
8. Mélancoile, Prière, Rêve de bonheur.
9. Barcarolle.
10. Ma chanson.
11. Promenade sous les châtaigniers.
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